

H-76 2003

You become bored when there is nothing happening inside you. And nothing happens inside you when the outside world keeps the mind distracted. One stills the outside world in order to unleash the power within.

Unleash the power within!

Vladimir Natorok:

"It is instructive to think that there is not a single person in this room, or for that matter in any room in the world, who, at some nicely chosen point in historical space-time would not be put to death there and then, here and now, by a commercial majority in nightmare rage.

The color of one's creed, neckties, eyes, thoughts, manners, speech, is due to meet somewhere in time or space with a fatal objection from a mob that hates that particular tone. And the brilliant, the more unusual the man, the nearer he is to the stake.

Stranger always rhymes with danger.

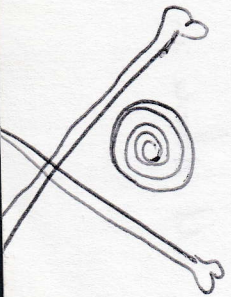
The meek prophet, the enchanter in his cave, the indignant artist, the nonconforming little schoolboy, all share in the same sacred danger.

And this being so, let us bless them,
let us bless the freak; for in the natural
evolution of things, the ape would ~~have~~
perhaps never have become man had not a
freak appeared in the family.

Amplecty whose mind is proud enough not to
knead true, secretly carries a bomb at the
back of his brain, and so I suggest,
just for the fun of the thing, taking that
private bomb and carefully dropping it
upon the model city of common sense,
In the brilliant light of the ensuing
explosion, many curious things will appear...

ego DIS-integration

to music of
"Let's go back to
the start..."



Beyond the crucified ego self-murdered
In archiphenic waters identities down
Eyes staying with demonic intensity
Side of being set up just to be knocked down

I mock my own bones and skin
I realize how infantile I've been
So, what chance do you stand
When I analyse you on demand?

Running into the woods screaming
In purple mountains blaspheming
Aberrations gathering outcasts and freaks,
Strangers met in clicks, outskirts and geodes

An inner movement to accept and begin
Disintegrating the conflicting elements within
Ninja way might right and words karate
Keeping notes on this biography

Heat Machine Cow Breeder Bleeder Feeder

Also the Almighty Eater

Six hundred sixty six children

Scattered like leaves

Rhyming for the sake of diss'n

Their point I am mis'n

Resting my ego, but still I won't listen

How odd, this Huck Finn ain't Kiss'n

This brain ain't idle Last name Ware

First name Tidal All petals is death recital

Philosophers, are we even vital?

Like a werewolf I lock myself in a cocoon

At the first scent of another wicked moon

Reversing chicken wings to stare off death

My emotions steaming under my breath

I am the stranger-to-yourself

That which you would rather not ~~share~~ be

Stranger to all, stranger even to me

'Cause I'm bonding with the idea

Of my own cemetery

I receded from the lack of empathy
From the local community
Taking it to the streets of Astbury

Take me down Abraxas

I am a vessel for thought

Don't want to be bought

Love eats me alive inside the hive

From their porches they talk shit and give

Take a warm bullet for trying to sing

Never imagined the trouble it would bring

Walking by the jewelry store mocking the King

Drinking tea in jest, never claimed to be hip

But bop-bop-uh-hey

To me I am crip

Living out my own trip

With blood dripping I skip.

My jam unharnessed for now
But I chew with fear on less teeth
Sighing with grief I ask for relief

Our bones don't sigh or wonder why
But they break and our flesh cries
I be you, you be me

And we do die, you see
We do die, be me -
We do die, be I
We do die, so don't believe the lie

Smell your own shit,
bye-bye ameriKan pie

Only through writing do we resist the urge
To follow our death wish down down down
Reaper into darker ground
Two towers down down in one mound

Brother kill me, then sister pray
Hostility one meaning they go away
Why Germanic today?
I'm not taking my low status lightly
Offended from a distance -
Dis's'n me more than slightly

Within a language of Piss and Shit
Into the poetic political philosophy pit.
Shadow Creatures Coiled, prepared to spit
Why do I walk through the local hoods?
Why don't I just stay in the dark woods?

Bless my soul
Too ignorant to be controlled
I walk and they mock, I walk right back
Here their grand master wizard a heart attack
Offend conventionality
Beg common sense to crucify me

Why not connect your exhaust
 Back into the passengers' and driver's care?
 Let your money's worth
 You worked hard to earn the fare
 Let every penny's worth
 Of the Combusted Air

Don't be so generous with your Poison fumes
 Filling all our Earthly Mother's Rooms
 Silence me while I spit on my own tomb
 How many creatures have sealed their doom
 By being born under the lance
 Of the eschatological room?

Drink Christ Tea from European ground
 Breed hostility just walking around
 With my head down to the ground
~~Just~~ Singing sounds
 Silly Rabbit, Sad Clown
 Disintegrated in my hometown

Exist Three Catastrophe
 Not me afraid of my humanity
 Sometimes I begin to see
 The Sacred Danger Breathing Me
 Overbearing heartless smug is detrimental
 to my mental health

The Common Wealth Street Herds
 question my stealth
 I am not pleased with wealth

Don't wanna be a daddy
 To cell blocks or caddies
 I have never gotten to be a fatty
 But I adopt and chew down
 on all-beef-patty

Empty my bladder
 Shit and forgive my lack of manners
 Piss at where I want to be murdered
 I'm burning down the wage-slavery farmers?

Who is the boss of these who bother?
Is it Marshal Mathers or Half a Dollar?
Major Hornera President Bruce?
Or the Abe Lincoln without any juice?

Who sings my life?
I do so blue
Death do die me do
Death do die me do
Sleeping inside a go
Here me a couple hours to satisfy you
I would be Kafka, but
I am not a Jew.

Thirty six year old Huck Finn
When I was seventeen
Into the woods I went trippin
Out over that thin line
Drinking morning dew moon shine

Then a beautiful strong hand
Backed up the poet from jungle land
Now seventeen is thirty six
And they treat me like a rabbit eating Trix
Keep your trick fix
Here me some oatmeal mix
And a couple of wooden hick sticks
Here my own song, echo my mix

On a dark basketball court
They were playing ball to bust my gort
Under the hoop, my tired Old Spirit broken
Ego gently destroyed
The young bucks have spoken

Behold Nature Mind and his opus manifest
I bow with respect when I log onto

his secret nest
Journalists with zeal, and Jenni protects
all all's work is not taken in jest
Tracking gnosis, he never rests
Taking Tom Brown's Acid Test
I wish I started younger to brush
with Crest

Ha Ha Hee Hee

Hats off to the Aborigine

The Good Devil plays the fiddle

Like Old Harmony

Now there's Sicily

Proving in spirit to be truly free

But our flesh just can't find the key

— must

Into The Iron Cage of Rationality

10 September (253) Wednesday

9-9

Yesterday, coming home from Red Bank,
passing all the McManions, I found
myself cursing the houses themselves,
murmuring how "they are gonna get what's
coming to them."

When I stopped by Henderson's garage,
Ed Jr. had made fun of my briefcase,
mocking that I went on an "interview."

I became even more agitated, perceiving
the social reality of being seen as a joke
by the social fabric. As I walked,
the anger built up.

I got back to the house and ~~there~~
found painting Luis's fence. Before she
paid me, she talked to me while she
worked. We talked about my being
DOWN & OUT.

With the \$20 I got a little pot, and then, as though I were inviting death, "tempting fate", I took the old SS helmet, covered the swastika, and smoked as I headed into town.

Was I walking to Main Street? I made it as far as the corner of Broad Street and Thackerston Street, where I showed Ed Jr, Steve, and Joe my helmet.

I asked Ed (jokingly) if he would give me \$20 for walking down Main Street Freehold with the swastika exposed and helmet placed squarely upon my head.

Ed said, "What about Marlboro?"

I said that would be \$100.

When I showed Joe and Steve the FH on the helmet, they immediately knew

that I was having some kind of psychotic episode. I asked Joe if I should wear the helmet. He said, "If you believe in the symbol, then put it on."

I said, "I don't know. I know I am in a rage. I know that all the potato fields have been replaced by the Manner development and that the wealthy people that live there are served by an army of infatigable Aztecs."

I got to the 6-12, but never went in - and I left the helmet off my head. Steve came to 6-12, went in, and then came out and sat by me - as though he were trying to "calm me down."

I knew I was in the midst of a psychotic break. Steve tried to reach me. He said he was born in the house he lives in now. He empathized.

Jose just took off. He must likely felt insulted by the Swastika, but fuck him if he can't understand my warped sense of humor and irony. I am extremely intelligent, and I want to be murdered. I am asking to be killed: "Look here, I do not fit in."

Why not? Because I am not a hard working uneducated Mexican, because I am not a well-to-do Jew with assets and worldly sense, because I am not black -

I do not fit because I have an extremely complex inner emotional life. People around here think I am a bum; they do not respect what I have been through; they do not respect my education, but judge me as SCUM !!!

This angers me; no, this infuriates me! When the drunk delicious older Mexican male passed me, I recalled when he killed the fly. He asked me for a cigarette and I gave left. Then the Mexican proceeded to communicate with me honestly, telling me that he knew I was crazy over Nati, and that I must stop wandering ~~to~~ over here to see her. He accused me of being a heroine addict, a drunk, a cocaine addict. He said, as he made gestures of shooting a needle into the arm, "You shoot too much dope."

I was indignant, retorting that, "No - I have too much EDUCATION!" pointing to my brain. As I digested the THREAT, I sensed this guy was somehow related to Nati.

I wondered why Nati told me she does not mind my coming in to speak to her. Was all that coming from the machismo element of the local Mexican community?

The guy asked me where I lived (rhetorically), telling me he knew I

"lived with mommy o senora"

"Where would you live with Nati, at your mommy's house?"

The more I digested his honest perceptions of me, the more I felt like attacking him. Did he say I was a "negro"?

He said there will be problems, and that, if Nati were to marry and I were to continue to try to form a

relationship with her, I would be killed. So, I said, "oh - because I am white?"

But I think it has more to do with the fact I am DOWN and OUT, and that many local folks believe I am some kind of dope fiend.

"Nati - NO marijuana..."

He was/is being protective of Nati whether or not she wants to be

protected or not. This is not up to

Nati; regardless of her feelings -

that she does not mind my advances -

there will be trouble were I to continue to be obsessed with her.

I wanted to be clear about it,

so I asked him to verify my understanding.

"You are telling me not to come here anymore? And - what - you are going to tell me where I can walk? If I am walking out in the woods and carrying a stick, I will swing on the branch of you!"

All the while, the man said, "You just TAKE IT EASY. You get drunk and go to sleep. Don't come walking down here to see Nat. You take it easy or else."

So I walked down the tracks wanting to end my life. This world is so stupid. There is no place for an honest man. An honest man is always in trouble.

As I made my way down the tracks wondering how I might be able to free myself from BEING TRAPPED IN MY OWN SKIN, I was appreciative of the shattering of polite society. I had been confronted by reality itself.

Now I was trying to get myself killed by associating myself with all the negative energies ~~as~~ that people associate with the swastika.

The irony is that society was forcing me into this scum bag white man box, and the result being that I embrace my tribal Germanic roots in self defense against an economy that wants to control the masses.

When I got back to the house, I
confided in my nephew that I had
already made a decision to kill
myself, and that when the opportunity
came, I would not look back.

I mentioned "Billy" and said I see
that he got what he wanted -
sweet release from this stupid world,
and the world is so utterly stupid.

Why prolong the agony?

I don't think my nephew understands.

I would kill myself not to shock
people, but to LIBERATE MY

AWARENES FROM LIFE.

Then my nephew must have spoken
to my mother. She knew about the
Nazi Helmet and "my walk into town".
She accused me of having a death wish.

X

I promised myself I would pack a bag
and walk to the psychiatric ward
when I got to the point where I was
a danger to myself. I give up.

I will pack diaries 70, 71, 72, 73, 74,
75, this 76, and philoback = 77 = h₂².

X

12:45 to 4:30 PM waiting at Centre State.

No beds available here or Jersey there...

They would let me just walk out of here.

Tons River? Carrier Clinic? Long Branch?

What is this? The system fails.

X

7PM I am told I will be picked up at 8PM,

and I suspect I will be starved for the

rest of the evening and into the night.

Therefore, they are depending upon my own

"good nature" to keep me "calm".

Saint Barnabas Health Care System

drug	brand	tests
TRAZODONE	Desyrel	depression with anxiety
take 50 mg (if needed) to sleep		
ESCITALOPRAM	Lexapro	severe depression
a selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor		
[SSRI]	10 mg @ 8AM	
HYDROXYZINE	Vistaril	anxiety, tension, neurosis, nausea
50 mg (if needed)		
HALOPERIDOL	Haldol	emotional disorders mental disorders children with "severe behavior problems"
5 mg (if needed) for agitation & psychosis		

Note about RAGE = "agitation & psychosis"

While I love to smoke marijuana, and I will never deny the therapeutic benefits of the sacred herb (calming my breathing, deepening my appreciation for creativity, curing nausea, curing boredom, giving me a creative mood, making music quite sacred - as well as things I've written) there is a hypothesis that

Withdrawal from marijuana begins about 2 days after the last smoke session, and withdrawal symptoms are anxiety, stress, and agitation (RAGE).

This is something I will consider even though I've been told SSRI that smoking pot helps my condition.

I met with Dr. Lomax. He will
prescribe me an anti-depressant and a
mood stabilizer. He said that smoking
cigarettes and pot counter the effects of
the medications. I have been
tremendously vocal and even a bit
arrogant in my challenges. I have
confronted several counselors about my
lack of faith in the 12 steps of AA -
the cure all for all illnesses,
bad habits, addictions.

I was accused of monopolizing
the meeting. Here I am trying to
get help (back on medications). I
am not trying to "be a better person",
"make amends", "take inventory",
etc...

Think about this. I am putting my faith
in a higher power: psychiatrist & meds.
The meds are legally prescribed drugs,
whereas, say, marijuana, is an illegal
herb (drug).

So, I am here to become balanced.
Once I am back on "my medication",
I might become less agitated -
my moods less intense. Then I might
be better able to cope with my resentment.
The meds won't prevent resentment, but
they will help me respond to the
resentment in a less intense manner.

So far I may have caused some
tension between myself and the staff,
but as I am trying to be honest
(and not just arguing for the sake of arguing)
how can they not respect this?

I am an AA-Refugee!

"ONE-BEST-WAY-ism": common denominator of the Industrialized World, McDonaldization, and Twelve-Step-ism.

There are other Ways To Live.

Efficiency is not a good variable to maximize, not when Quality suffers.

X

As I am not permitted off the unit on the first day, I was able to sit in on the "Adult Psychiatric Patient group" rather than hit a meeting with the "Mentally Ill / Chemically Addicted" group.

I really got much out of the meeting, and the intelligent and beautiful white woman leading the discussion restored my faith in the race, la raza.

Perhaps Nati is most definitely not my type at all AFTER ALL!

This seems to be the case. Now, I am going to attempt to speak to Dr.

Jamal tomorrow about perhaps meeting with the Adult Psychiatric Patients in the daytime (the 3³⁰-4³⁰PM group before dinner) instead of the boys 12 step group.

The 8PM-9³⁰PM will be difficult to get out of, and such AA/NA meetings could be fun, but hardly informative. Fact Jack.

When I arrived: 09-10 Wed 9PM
leave by 9-17 Wednesday? 9-15 Monday

This means that I will miss my Monday appointment with Kimberly from Waters & Sons, so I must call there to reschedule, explaining to her that I am in St. Barnabas to get back on my MEDICATION.

A meet would be coming brothers and sisters. So, Nati would have been told by Miguel and Kay and the other girl that I said I was leaving.

X^{d2}

When I was woken up at 0600, I immediately jumped up onto my feet, and seemed to forget all my drama. I threw on the hospital gown and felt the Dostoevskian "A Day In The Life of Ivan Ilyich" feeling in my head, all "spacey" and pettily agitated. Aware of my negativistic thought processes, I (my awareness) placed a lead carefully around the neck of the greasy pitbull that is my mood, my over present core temperament, that intangible and transparent AWARENESS-ITSELF, the awareness-of-being-awareness.

The Ugly breathes the universe - complex cellular tribes create the illusion of intelligence, even the illusion that BEING AWARE OF BEING AWARE is SELF.

X

Dr Prade - she is hostile and arrogant and must think I am stupid.

Her and the social workers were telling me my mother said I could no longer ~~live~~ there in her basement. She said she said she is at her wits end with me. Mom told me, when I confronted her, that I could go to Oxford House or something. she must have spoken to her sponsor, Mary. People are busy bodies.

I explained the agreement we had, that I was to get back on my medication or she I would be living in a tent. So, what sense does it make for her to trap me out of the basement as seen as I got back on meds?

to, now Mem agrees to pick me up
on Monday morning 9/15. I will
mention this to "Beth".

Also, I am now "level 2" and will
eat in cafeteria tonight.

Even cooler, I have been switched
to Adult Psychiatric and am exempt
from attending AA/NA. Now I
despise the Twelve Step program.

The hatred I have for it stupidity
is as great as the hatred I have
for the puritan work ethic and
the meritocracy of social Darwinism.

No more "MICA" — and
NO — I do not have a substance
abuse problem. I told the doctor, when
she questioned why I would not work at

Shop Rite, as though I should be
happy to work there, "I would
rather die than work there!"

I had told the social worker that
in no way would I consider working
2 jobs, that this is a vulgar idea,
an insult.

These social workers and psychiatrists
do not like to deal with a proud
individual. Why is a positive attitude
so important to the McDonaldized
society we live in?

When I return to Freehold I
will seek HOUSING through the office
on Spruings Street (now that I am
a mental health consumer). Also,
I will contact CPC.

X

The social worker seemed to have a problem with my mother picking me up on Monday morning. Now, if my mom changes her mind again, I can be assured that these psychiatrists and social workers DO ~~not~~ manipulate family members into not taking patients in.

If Monday is too soon (4 days), then I would have to wait until Wednesday. If I can't move back into Mom's, I will get a ride to social services, explain my homelessness, and then drop off books at the house, pack up my backpack and head for the tent in the woods.

Then I will go to Sprung Street. Today, I will call CPC access # and inquire about outpatient treatment as I

am now a Mental Patient (officially). I intend to be compliant with my meds, but I refuse (nik) to participate with the Monopoly of Treble Steppin that has the nation in its steel fearing, wage-slavery promoting grip.

X



The people in this Mental Hospital are so very cool. People have compassion and humor. Remember these folks and the way they accept me even with my subversive thoughts.

That dude Fred respected my intellectual honesty, my integrity.

Sherry (Sheryl), Alicia (the German

young woman), Stacy ~~Shella~~ 23, 40,

my man Anthony, president Harry, then there is Penny, Hong, Kate, and others that left before me, and those that arrive as I am leaving.

I am grateful to have read Jack Trumper's material, Charles Bunker's material, as well as

The Disease of America - might be time to reread that stuff.

When I get an internet account again I will check out AA DEPROGRAMMING.

So, Wednesday morning I say Adios to Miguel and Kay and the young beautiful one.

Kay seems surprised that I say,

"Fuck Mexico!" after Miguel asks if I am moving out of state or to Mexico. She seemed

confused, saying with a nervous smile,

"Why? What happened (in Mexico)?"

So, well they suspect I went into a psychiatric hospital? Do they think

I was afraid or that my feelings were hurt? I mean, word will get around that a CHICANO confronted me and greatly insulted me. No more will I be kind. Don't tell me to take it easy! 41

I remember bits, fragments of the psychological experiences during sleep. I mentioned the album... there was also a long, winding road around a huge industrial-prison complex very much like our own creepy New Jersey cities' nightmare world of factories and low-income cages for the working poor masked brutally by the presence of grotesquely luxurious 3-car garage homes. Anyway, it had the mood of postmodern science fiction -

if there is such a genre: an anti-utopia, an ugly dehumanizing scene with high fences, tall concrete structures dripping with the grime of pollutants from the abused air.

I painted a mandella today. It symbolizes becoming whole. Perhaps I can to merge with Tribal Ventures, com

I have been manic throughout the day - this could be the anti-depressant as the mood stabilizers may not have kicked in yet. One of the staff members played guitar and we sang some songs - such as "Knockin' On Heaven's Door".

I huddled a fence, walked around the yard like a caged tiger, stretched my legs, and witnessed Nicole (staff) observing me with a smile.

The staff member who gave me the paint ~~was~~ is also beautiful and intelligent. In fact, I could see myself loving her - that is - I would be much better off with her than with Nat. Amazing how easily I fall for attractive, intelligent females. Am I ready to return to Freehold?

50,000 y.a. brain became modern size.

Mongols, Caucasians, Negroes.

man kind specializes in mental power rather than physical power

Africa → Asia & Europe

↓
America

Stone Age → Tool using animal

Stone tools first technology

Then fire (essential tool in cold climate)

coke left nearly 500,000 years ago.

Without fire, never could have made it out of the tropics of Africa

Ice Age: 2 million years ago?

Interrupted by warm periods: interglacial

15,000 y.a. began last glacial period

land bridges appeared... isolated islands

South East Asia → one large land mass

Between Asia and America - an enormous exchange of creatures

Water levels rose, creating present continental boundaries.

From Alaska down into the Americas, into South America

Most widespread animal in the world.

10,000 y.a. → progressed socially

Hunting/gathering still in Brazil (Indians like Indians/Mexicans)

The Sumerians → religious ceremonies

Improved technology made game scarce.

Horse extinct in America until Europeans came (Spain).

Freedom begins where work ends.
We don't have to work. We can live
without Pepsi Cola, expensive clothes,
wide screen televisions, and expensive
interiors decorating.

We not sell your happiness for money.
The less money you spend, the less
money you have to worry about getting,
the less hours you will have to
spend at some dehumanizing job.

If we all walk away from our jobs,
the system would break down. Fuck
George Bush's war machine economy.

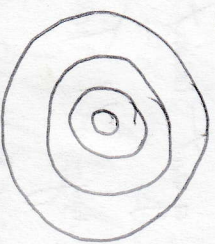
There are enough automobiles,
enough shopping malls, enough televisions
and golf clubs, enough fueling nuclear
weapons already.

Liberate yourself from the chains of
mindless consumerism and mind melting
employment.

The longing for a primitive mode of
existence is no mere fantasy or sentimental
yearning; it is consonant with fundamental
human needs, the fulfillment of which is
prerequisite for our survival.

When man began to desire private
property, then entered violence, and
fraud, and theft, and rape.
Soon after pride and envy broke out in
the world - people began to consider
themselves poor when they beheld their
own possessions exceeded by their
neighbors.

I want to embrace my incapacity
for civilization - I do not wish to
be "a subject", "an employee".



TAKING IT TO THE LIMIT WITH FORCE

I am about to post my first poem since "ego-disintegration". It will not rhyme. It is inspired by the book *Kallosain*, written by Swedish woman Karin Boye (1900-1940) who died by suicide.

Also, Keith Murray's ~~God~~ CHRISTINA.

quote = "The Aborigine"

The IW is a pyramid structure, where even the few rich can all but keep up with the daily challenge of trying to stay alive in the IW.

There are just a few princes and princesses in the IW, the rest are disenfranchised serfs.